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## POETRY.

### PATRICK'S SERENADE.

Och! Bridget, mavourneen, joost open the  
winder,  
And give me a glimpse av your beauti-  
ful face;  
My ancient duden is all burnt to a cinder  
And boogs 're quite thick in this mur-  
therin' place.

Sure, Biddy, my girl, it's no joke for a gan-  
nus,  
To walk all day 'nath the botherin' hod,  
And thin, in the night, serenade a young  
Vanius.  
Clane up to his knees in the muddy could  
said.

I'm dyin' wid rapture, my jewel of crea-  
tures,  
And niver a lover more willingly howl-  
ed;  
But don't ye let scorn wrinkle up your  
sweet features,  
Because your poor Paddy has got such a  
cowd.

The lightnin' 'is roarin', the toonder 'is flash-  
in',  
The moon 'is no bigger than nothin' at  
all;  
And such an outrageous and divilish splash-  
in'!

I never did hear, since the days I was  
small,  
Thin open the winder, my queen av affec-  
tion,  
Or, what 'is as good, please open the door;  
Nor drame that you're sure of escapin' de-  
fection.

I know ye're awake, by the length av  
ye're snore.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE STAGE DRIVER'S LOVE.

"The course of true love never did run  
smoothly."

I have a simple story to tell, so please  
you ladies and gentlemen, if you only lis-  
ten.

While on the road from Ithaca to Elmi-  
ra, I fell in with a driver much to my  
mind. I was seated beside him, com-  
menting from time to time upon various top-  
ics, when at a sudden turn of the road we  
came upon a cluster of snug dwellings, one  
of which was conspicuous for its taste.

It was a cottage-house with wings, hav-  
ing a neat door-yard and lawn in front.  
A green lattice porch shielded the front  
door over which was trellised a luxuriant  
honeysuckle. Roses and other flowering  
shrubs were scattered around, but still  
neglect and confusion marred the effect  
of these tokens of refinement. It was, not-  
withstanding, a sweet spot, and I inquired  
who lived there?

"I believe no one lives there now," re-  
sponded the driver. "You will see, sir,  
the windows are closed, the flowers all tan-  
gled, and the honeysuckle wants trimming,  
yet that house was a happy place once."  
Five years ago, sir, no one would have  
thought of so sad a change. The world  
is full of changes, sir?

"It is, indeed," said I, "but what of the  
cottage—tell me who lived there, and what  
has become of them?"

"Oh, it's a most sad and pitiful story,  
sir, and makes my heart ache to think of  
it. I've often told it, for every one in-  
quires about that cottage. There's a sol-  
emnly interest hanging over it, like that  
forlorn honeysuckle and I always feel  
downhearted when I pass it. But it's  
no use to be downhearted in this world, sir."

"Not at all, my friend, but now for your  
story."

"Well, it's as I told you a sad and  
wretched one. (Here the driver threw  
away his cigar, and cracked up his horse.)

"You see, sir, the proprietors on this  
road, have always been very careful about  
the drivers—they must have good, care-  
ful, steady fellows. (I seldom drink, sir,  
very seldom.)

The reason, sir, is plain as the hub of a  
coach-wheel. It's all ups and downs,  
hill and hollow, as you see, a driver must  
keep his eyes about him; for if he should  
get drunk, and neglect his duty, slap, sir,  
in a moment, his whole load would be  
thrown heels over head, into eternity."

Drivers have a heavy load upon their  
minds, sir. But as I was going to say,  
sir, the best driver ever put upon this  
road, or anywhere else, was Jim Ayton.  
Oh, sir, you cannot think what a fine little  
fellow he was, and a stage driver too. It  
is his story I am going to tell you, for  
Jim's heart and life once rested in that  
white cottage.

de books and pictures, but my heart is full.  
She died of grief, sir. She doted on her  
husband, while every one else despised  
him; and why did they despise him, sir?  
His hard-working father had toiled day  
and night to send him to college—he had  
married an angel, sir, and yet he threw  
himself away, he murdered himself, soul  
and body, with rum. Often, sir, in the  
cold and stormy nights of winter, has that  
feeble woman sought him out, and took  
him away from the taverns. She could  
persuade him when no one else could, for  
such a wife, sir, could persuade a man to  
anything, except to leave rum altogether,  
and that death alone can do. Yes, sir,  
she tried hard, but yet she could not keep  
him from drink! I have heard the people  
tell how she prayed for him, sat up for  
him, took his head in her lap, and spoke  
soothingly to him, till he vowed a thousand  
times he would quit the bottle, and be-  
come a good man, and yet it was all smoke,  
sir! He became worse and worse, as all  
drunkards do, and would you believe it,  
sir, before he died, he beat that tender  
hearted woman, he once loved so much.

Yes, sir, the neighbors heard of it, and  
would have torn his house down over his  
head, and taken her among them, but she  
prevented them, and begged them to spare  
him for her sake. She loved him to the  
last, when all the world had forsaken him;  
she followed him like his shadow, till he  
was unable to go about; and when at last  
he died in raving madness, she never  
raised her head, but dropped as it were,  
into the same grave. Mrs. Ayton died  
three weeks after her husband, and left  
poor Jim an orphan at the age of twelve  
years.

He had been her stay and comfort, sir,  
in the long years of misery with her hus-  
band, and she taught him many things he  
never forgot. So sir, at twelve years old,  
he was left alone in the wide world.

"Jim's grandfather, sir, was still alive,  
but though a hard-working man, he was a  
drunken brute, too. He had never liked  
his son's early marriage, though his daugh-  
ter-in-law was an angel, and far too good  
for him. He however took Jim home,  
and made him do all sorts of work upon  
his farm.

The poor boy's health began to suffer,  
but just then a master came into the place,  
and set up a district-school. The neigh-  
bors made him let Jim go to it, and Jim  
took to learning so well, that in a short  
time, he outstripped all the scholars and  
even equaled the master himself. I was  
one of the schoolboys, sir, and recollect  
hearing the master say, that it all came of  
having so good a mother, and the tears  
came into Jim's eyes when he said so.

Well, the master loved him, and we all  
loved him, and the visiting committee said  
he ought to be sent to college, but who  
was there to send him, poor orphan? His  
grandfather heard of his wishes, and the  
very mention of college made him savage.  
He took Jim away from school; and put  
him to harder work. His son, he said,  
had been ruined at college, but there he  
lied, sir. Everybody knew that the old  
man had spoiled him before he went. But  
Jim was in his power, and he took every  
means to oppress him, but it didn't last  
long. One night the old grog-bruise  
got into a hard frolic and after beating  
Jim shamefully, turned him out of doors.  
So the poor boy came in the dead of night,  
without a coat to his back, and took shelter  
with George Norbury, who kept the Far-  
mer's Hotel.

Now Norbury had always liked Jim,  
and received him gladly, and said he  
should not go back to the old ruffian, who  
might put his life in danger. We drivers  
too, liked him, and as Norbury owned this  
line of stages, and Jim had often been at  
his house, we had learned him to drive.  
till he could drive as well as the best of  
us. We spoke up for him, and said that  
if he would not go back to his grandfather  
we would willingly support him out of our  
wages, but Jim was too independent for  
that, as you shall see, sir.

As Jim knew how to drive so well, he  
could not bear the thought of lounging  
about and sucking his fingers, so he pro-  
posed to Norbury to drive a stage. Nor-  
bury thought he was too young, and wan-  
ted him about the house, but Jim could  
not bear this. He asked to be put upon  
trial, and took hold of the reins with such  
manliness and good will, that we all had  
to yield to him. No driver ever managed a  
team better, for his whole heart was in it.  
He was proud of showing his spirit, and  
we were all proud of him, for hadn't we  
taught him? It would have done your  
heart good, to have heard the passengers  
on the route, particularly the ladies, ask  
for the little stage-driver. Jim was  
rather small, sir, but he had a mighty  
spirit, and yet he was as gentle as a lamb,  
and that is the reason why the ladies  
liked him so. And the horses, too, you  
know Jim, as well as you do your  
christian name; and they would seem to  
spring at the sound of his voice, and cur-  
re their necks at the sight of him, like rea-  
soning creatures. Horses know more than  
some people think they do, and soon get  
to knowing who is kind to them.—Don't  
you think horses reason, sir?

"Much better than some men," said I.

"I knew you was a man of sense, and  
understood human nature," responded  
the driver, but I must go on with my story.

"Jim soon got to be well known on this  
line.—Every one along the road liked him.  
They trusted him with their errands and  
messages, and I used to think the girls  
made messages, in order to speak to him.  
But he kept straight forward in the line  
of his duty; he was always gentle and oblig-  
ing; he was glad to do everybody a ser-  
vice; but why should I tell you of these  
things—the truth is, he was a devilish  
clever fellow, and everybody thought so."  
(Here the stage-driver brought down his  
hand with an emphatic slap upon his knee,  
which left no doubt of the truth of his as-  
sertion.)

"So you see, Jim became a regular stage  
driver. For upward of five years, he drove  
without any interruption. Hot or cold,  
wet or dry, it was all the same to him. He  
kept to his business, and set us all a fine  
example. In the whole five years, he had  
never been heard to swear. His mother,  
who is now in heaven, sir, had set his  
mind against this. He had never drank a  
drop of liquor, for there was the warning  
of his father and grandfather, before his  
eyes! Oh, sir, I have seen the blood fly  
from his cheeks, and his limbs tremble, when  
strangers have urged him to drink with  
them. We stage drivers knew better,  
yes, had as some of us are, we never could  
think of insulting him. He took no part  
in our frolics, sir.

"Well, sir, now I come to the pith of the  
story. Jim was about nineteen years old,  
as I was saying. At this time of life, it is  
natural for people to think of love matters,  
but no one had thought about Jim, or  
joked him. He was polite to everybody.  
Every girl on the road, or in the settle-  
ment, knew he thought well of her, and  
every girl thought well of him, but he did  
not run after any of them. He stuck to  
his business, as I said before, sir. But,  
sir, we soon had to confess that we had all  
been blind, while love was wide awake, as  
the song goes. Would you believe it,  
without turning out of his way at all, the  
prettiest girl in all Johnson's settlement,  
was found to be in love with Jim, dead in  
love, over head and ears, as the folks say.

"This girl, sir, was Lucy Dunmore.—  
My heart always beats quicker, when I  
speak of her. You may have seen city  
beauties, but you never saw one like her,  
sir. She was the roundest, rosiest, bright-  
est girl that ever blessed a noble neigh-  
borhood. Everybody loved her, and praised  
her, and all the girls gave way to her,  
and yet she never seemed to care for her  
beauty, and was far more unsuspicious of  
it than many others who were not worth  
one of her blue eyes. She had red cheeks,  
and the sweetest smile, and seemed to be  
always laughing, till everybody laughed  
with her. It was astonishing how she  
made her way into everybody's heart, and  
yet no one could blame her. Every young  
man, for ten miles round, was proud of  
her smile, and would have gone round the  
world on foot, to marry her, but pshaw,  
she would not think of marrying, not she!—  
She would have made a wife for the Presi-  
dent, sir.

But, sir, love, like murder, will come  
out. Lucy suddenly lost all her free heart-  
edness—she was in love with Jim, and  
she could not conceal it. She had no hy-  
poocrisy. Everything she did to hide her  
feelings, only showed them more and more.  
I don't know if this is the case with city  
ladies, sir?

"Not exactly," said I.

"Well, Lucy was clearly enough in love,  
and of course Jim could not help being so,  
too. You would have been so yourself, if  
you had seen her. It was all very natural.  
Lucy had been the favorite of Jim's moth-  
er. Often had she taken little presents of  
eggs and butter to the sweet lady. And  
Jim and she had been to school together,  
rumped together, philtandered at parties,  
climbed the hills for buckle-berries, and all  
these things have a mighty effect upon the  
sentimental feelings, you know, sir."

"Undoubtedly," said I.

"We youngsters soon saw the state of  
the case, and though we doubted as long  
as possible, yet in the end we all backed  
out. It is hard to be beaten in love mat-  
ters, sir, but in love, as in horse racing, it  
is better to pay forfeit, than to lose the  
whole stake. We saw it was no use to  
run with Jim, so we all quit the course.—  
And Lucy did love Jim dearly, and he loved  
her with all his heart, without making  
much fuss about it. Yet Lucy tried hard  
to keep away from him, and was often un-  
happy—why, sir? I'll tell you the reason.  
Her father, father Dunmore, was a  
careful, thrifty, forerhand man, and a  
farmer. He valued Lucy as the apple  
of his eye. His was the cottage we  
have been speaking of. He built it him-  
self, on the same spot where his old log  
cabin had stood. He was always for going  
ahead in the world. He early saw that  
Lucy had a notion for Jim, but he treated  
her as a mere child. He did not think  
her feelings deep-seated, and if he did, he  
merely said, 'Pshaw, you silly girl, do  
not let your father get drunk, and his grann-  
y too, and what can be expected from Jim-  
my Ayton? Play with him, child, but don't  
let him run away with you. You wouldn't  
like to be like poor Mrs. Ayton, would  
you?"

"These slants of her father cut poor  
Lucy to the quick, you see, sir, but she  
saw that Jim was worthy, and in spite of  
everything, she gave her heart up to him,  
and everybody saw that they must be mar-  
ried. People in the country soon learn all  
about these matters, sir."

"Indeed," said I, "and how do they  
learn?"

"I hardly know," said the stage-driver.  
"There are some mighty shrewd women in  
the country. They see deeper into young  
folks' feelings, than young folks themselves.  
They know all the signs of love, and mar-  
ry folks long before they have popped the  
question. They put abroad reports, sir,  
and everybody soon learns all about the  
love-matters of the young people."

"Go on," said I.

"Well, as I was saying, Lucy and Jim  
were too dead in love to care much what  
any folks said. They loved each other bet-  
ter than all the world, and seemed to forget  
every one else, when they were together.  
And Lucy soon grew bold enough to take  
his part with her father, and the farmer  
soon saw how the case stood, and that it  
was of no use for him to make any oppo-  
sition. Farmer Dunmore was a sensible  
man, sir; he married for love himself, and  
he knew very well, that where such people  
as Lucy and Jim loved each other, they  
would have each other, if all heaven and  
earth stood in the way. I rather think,  
however, that Lucy would have broken  
her heart, rather than disobey her father,

but be that as it might, she had no reason  
for doing this, for when farmer Dunmore  
saw that Jim behaved so well, and looked  
so smart, and kept clear of rum, and all bad  
company, he began to take him by the  
hand. Farmer Dunmore was a kind man,  
sir; he looked into people's feelings, and  
liked them for their honesty, and wasn't  
stuck up by his riches, like some folks.—  
He saw that Jim was a fine fellow, and  
that nothing could turn him, so he wel-  
comed him to his house and took pleasure  
in seeing the comfort of Jim and his daugh-  
ter. He even offered to take Jim on his  
farm, and give him high wages, but how  
could Norbury part with his little stage  
driver? This was the name all the stran-  
gers called him by, though at this time he  
was tall, straight, and manly, though rather  
delicate-looking, to be sure. Jim had  
agreed to stay with Norbury till he was  
twenty-one, and he wasn't the fellow to  
break a fair bargain!

So Jim continued to drive, sir, and  
passed Lucy's house every day, and visited  
her when he could get a chance, and that  
I guess was pretty often. Lovers can  
make chances enough, sir. After a hard  
day's drive, many a night have I known  
Jim to saddle little grey, and gallop off to  
see Lucy. To be sure, he had to be back  
again before daylight, but what of that?—  
People in love, you know, sir, don't care  
about regular rest."

"I believe not," said I.

"And as Jim every day drove the stage  
past Lucy's house, it would have been  
strange if she had not stood at the window  
to look for him, and it was very nat'ral  
for her to be doing some out-of-door work  
under that honeysuckle, and as Jim gen-  
erally had some messages, that were none  
of the passengers' business, it was not  
strange, sir, that she gave him honey-suckles  
and roses to put in his button-hole. Oh,  
he was a happy man, sir; he was happier  
than when he is loved by the prettiest  
girl in the country, yes, I may say, by the  
prettiest girl in the whole world, for that  
matter, sir. I wish you could have seen  
her. I have carried loads of passengers,  
sir, but never one like Lucy! Sometimes,  
though, when Lucy did not come out un-  
der the honeysuckle, he knew where she  
was standing, and as she hung a kiss to  
him, would rise upon the footboard, and  
touch his cap to her, just like a Spanish  
Don Calaveras, as I once heard a lady  
say. I knew nothing about Calaveras,  
sir, but this I do know, that Jim touched  
his cap as gracefully and proudly as any  
of the fine ups of Broadway. His mother  
had taught him manners, sir, and the lit-  
tle stage-driver was always the gentleman.  
But that touching his cap, sir, was the  
death of him. (Here the stage-driver de-  
clared a moment to wipe his eyes, and pro-  
ceeded.)

"Let me see—where was I—oh, I am  
just coming to the point."

"I am glad to hear it," said I.

"Well, as I was saying, all things were  
going on so well and so smiling, and so  
happy, Jim and Lucy were as good as  
married. Farmer Dunmore had given his  
consent, and called him son. He loved  
Jim better than he did his farm and all his  
horses. Lucy had recovered her gaiety,  
and was more beautiful than ever. I and  
all the young people of the place were  
looking out for the wedding, when, sir, a  
single slip of Jim's foot, made the whole  
world dark for him. The saddest acci-  
dent took place, that ever was known in  
this settlement. Oh, it was awful, sir,  
most awful. I am all in a fever when I  
think of it—poor Jim, poor Jim!"

Large drops of perspiration stood upon  
the forehead of the driver. He wiped his  
face and proceeded.

"Poor Jim—it was a sharp, cold morn-  
ing, when he set out from Norbury's, with  
his last drive, poor fellow. He was as  
gay as a lark, and merry as a cricket, and  
patted his horse.

"I remember it as well as if it was  
yesterday. I shook hands with him, and  
told him to give my love to Lucy, just to  
tease him like, but nothing could tease  
him, sir, he was so good natured. He  
mounted the box, and while Norbury  
rubbed his hands and looked proud, for  
Norbury loved Jim, and was proud of his  
steadiness. Norbury thought he had the  
credit of making so fine a fellow as Jim,  
but Jim took care of himself, sir, and all  
through the advice of his dead mother."

"How well I remember that morning,  
sir. The wind whistled among the high  
trees of these hills, the icicles hung upon  
their boughs, and the frost was bitter sharp.  
Norbury had wrapped Jim up warm, and  
I offered him my coat, but the little fel-  
low laughed at us all. He didn't care for  
the cold—not he! He was not the fellow  
to flinch at anything. He had a warm  
heart, and a warm jacket to boot, and as  
he put his fingers into his mittens, I saw  
his eyes glisten, for Lucy had made them  
for him. She was always doing him little  
kindnesses, and we youngsters always  
found it out. But he saw her last kind-  
ness that day, and died with his eyes fixed  
upon it."

"Go on," said I.

"The morning was cold, as I said.—  
Some snow had fallen during the night,  
and the rain had glazed it over, so that the  
whole road was one glare of ice. It need-  
ed carefully driving, sir, and Jim always  
drove carefully. Now Lucy had been  
thinking of Jim, and his exposure to the  
cold, and secretly, with her own fingers,  
had knit for him a bright red muffler,  
to go about his neck. She said nothing to  
him, sir, but meant to surprise him with it.  
So, as this morning was so bitter cold, she  
concluded to stand out upon the stoop, and  
give it to him as he drove past. What  
little things may stop a man's life and  
prospects, sir. The muffler was put in  
Jim's coffin, but I am getting before my  
story."

"As Lucy had made the muffler with  
her own sweet fingers, and meant to give it  
to Jim, she stood ready at the door as the

stage came up. Jim was standing braced  
against the footboard, holding his horses  
as only a driver knows how to do. As he  
came near the farmer Dunmore's team  
had got under some headway, and he was  
just reining them in, when his eye caught  
Lucy, holding up the bright red muffler.  
The horses were just past the portion, he  
turned toward her and raised himself upon  
the footboard to touch his hat, or to throw  
a kiss to her. The love of the dear girl  
made him tremble, or the footboard was  
icy, or something else, sir, for just then—  
oh God, oh God, sir, his feet slipped from  
under him, and down he pitched, head  
foremost, among the horses!"

"And they trampled him to death," ex-  
claimed I.

"Mear me out," exclaimed the driver!  
When Jim fell, the shock started the  
horses, and they plunged like madcaps  
down the hill, sir. It was a fiery team,  
the best on the road, sir. They didn't go  
far, however. The ground was all of a  
glare of ice. Either Jim's body, or the  
slacking of the lines, or the slip-  
periness, or all together, made them stum-  
ble; and before they had gone far, down  
they came, heels over head together.—  
The horses kicked and struggled, and bit  
each other like perfect furies. The stage  
tumbled on top of them, and they stove it  
all to oven-wood. Two of the horses died,  
sir, for it was an awful steep place where  
they fell. The passengers were flung out  
in every direction. Some had their heads  
broken, and no one escaped without bruises.  
Two others were killed, besides Jim,  
sir. Oh, it was an awful, bloody sight as  
ever was heard of, sir. And there was  
Lucy, poor Lucy—she saw Jim fall, she  
saw the whole horrid sight, sir. It is no  
wonder that she fell down under the hon-  
ey-suckle, and went into hysterical fits and  
agonies. Her screams roused the whole  
neighborhood. Farmer Dunmore and the  
rest of the people, hastened to the door,  
and then they saw all. They saw the  
horses plunging and rolling down the hill  
—poor mangled people crawling along the  
road, and heard the shrieks and groans of  
those who were all crushed up in the stage.  
Oh, sir, it was too shocking, it was horri-  
ble, sir, absolutely horrible. I grow sick  
at the thought of it. The neighbors all  
came together, sir, and took up the wound-  
ed people—and Jim, poor Jim!"

"How was he found?" interrupted I.

"Oh, he was smashed into a perfect cake!  
He was cut into inch pieces,





J. B. GODWIN, Editor.

ELIZABETH CITY:

TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 7, 1858.

## DEMOCRATIC CELEBRATION!

The Democracy of Gates will celebrate their recent brilliant victory on the second Saturday in September, at the Silver Spring. The patriotic of all parties are invited to attend. COME ALL!

MANY DEMOCRATS. August 8th.

## THE DAILY PROGRESS.

We have received the first number of the new daily paper just started at Newbern, by J. L. Pennington, Esq. It is very neatly printed, of fair size, well got up, giving evidence of tact, talent and industry in its editorial management, and as we remarked before, in noticing its prospectus, it ought to be sustained by the citizens of Newbern. Six dollars a year in advance. We wish our friend Pennington a safe and prosperous voyage.—W. L. Jour.

**NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.** The number for September is on our table, edited by R. C. Butler, R. F. Hamlin, C. B. Johnson, S. L. Johnston, C. W. McCluney, F. D. Stockton, of the Senior Class. The leading article is an historical sketch entitled, "The Roman Empire through Fifteen Centuries." Of the balance a large proportion is verse, besides which there is an essay on the destiny of man, well-written but without anything new.—Also, Consequences.—A tale, and the Editorial Table.

**The Raleigh correspondent of the Northern Daily Progress**, noticing the late pleasure trip of the senior editor of the Standard, who has recently been Banauferizing, makes the following sensible remarks:

"In looking over the lists of distinguished North Carolinians figuring at the Virginia and other distant watering places, it has occurred to me that many of them would do well to imitate Bro. Holden's example and patronize their home retreats. It would detract nothing from them, but would add to the evidence of their patriotism. I understand there has hardly been a soul at Banaufer this summer, out of the many thousand visitors, from anywhere out of our State! A significant fact."

## CURRIE AND MARTIN.

The right and left wings of the Democracy of this District seem to be rivaling each other in good works—but it is close work—in fact, a drawn battle—as appears by the vote at the late gubernatorial election. Look at the figures:

	ELLIS.	McRAE.
Currituck	638	142
Martin	646	150

Each of them gave a Democratic majority of 496 votes, and the two together gave a round Democratic majority of 992 votes! Well done for both of them!

**Nathaniel G. Brooks**, a printer, well known in North Carolina, and most of the Southern States, died in Raleigh, Saturday night last. He was a soldier in the Mexican War, and a pensioner at the time of his death. His funeral took place at the Baptist Church, on Sunday evening, where a most impressive sermon was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Pritchard, of Perquimans County. The funeral was attended almost unanimously by the printers of the city, and a large number of citizens. The deceased was a native of Chatham County, in this State, and was in the 31st year of his age.

## THE FIRST DISTRICT.

The following is the vote by counties in this District at the late election for Governor:

COUNTIES.	ELLIS.	McRAE.
Bertie	459	321
Chowan	307	184
Camden	112	454
Currituck	638	142
Gates	402	303
Halifax	712	401
Hertford	309	325
Martin	646	150
Northampton	648	385
Perquimans	324	436
Tyrrell	217	141
Washington	288	200

5362  
3832

Ellis' majority, 1,530

## FARMERS' BANK MONEY.

In answer to the enquiries of a friend in Norfolk in relation to the money of the Farmers' Bank, we have to say that some persons take it and others refuse it except at a heavy discount. We believe the Bank perfectly solvent, and therefore take all we can get. The Bank is redeeming its bills as rapidly as the means will allow. The want of confidence in its solvency abroad has produced serious embarrassments to our people, as they have been forced to procure other funds for the payment of all debts beyond our own boundaries, while this money is now our principal circulation: The result is the depreciation of Farmers Bank notes to that extent that it is almost ruinous to take them. We sincerely wish that the Bank would use some means to relieve the people and to save its own credit. It is a bad business at present.

## KANSAS AGAIN.

With the passage of the English compromise, we had hoped that the Kansas agitation had passed away forever. By the action of a set of political demagogues, and the schemes and tricks of desperate and unprincipled fanatics, the country has been convulsed and the very existence of the Union threatened over this Kansas matter. The effect of this agitation upon parties has been to divide and disorganize. Upon it, new political associations have been formed, and men, carried away by the frenzy of the hour, have forgotten the more important points of their political faith, and found themselves active soldiers in the camp of their old enemies. The Democratic party was more seriously affected by this disturbing element than any other, and by the defection of Douglas, gave serious promise of suffering irreparable injury. By the firmness and wisdom of the administration, this, however, was warded off, and the tact and skill of the "great leader" was not sufficient to rally to his standard a force adequate to defeat the Democracy upon this question. The English compromise bill was regarded as a triumph of the Lecompton party, and a settlement of the vexed and dangerous controversy. After the action of Congress and the adoption of the bill, men breathed freer: the exciting cause being removed, a calm ensued; the angry passions of the combatants were lulled to repose, and, among the more politic, cool, and sagacious of the party, there was a general desire manifested to heal the wound, to repair the breach, to restore friendly relations, and once more to unite the Democracy as one family. The friends of Mr. Douglas represented that gentleman as being favorable to a renewal of the bond of union between him and the Democracy, and not until his onslaught upon the English bill did his determination to widen or keep open the breach appear. The result of that injudicious step may be made apparent in his defeat in the contest which he is now waging for a seat in the Senate. How far this course of Mr. Douglas may influence the action of the Black Republicans in again seeking to disturb the settlement brought about by the passage of the bill, of Mr. English, is not for us to say. That such an attempt will be made is now very evident, and we are disposed to attach much of the blame for it to the Illinois Senator.

It is known to our readers that the land ordinances submitted to the people of Kansas for their acceptance or rejection have been voted upon, and a very large majority is found in opposition to their reception. According to the provisions of the compromise bill, in the event of these ordinances being rejected, Kansas cannot be admitted into the Union until she has a population requisite to entitle her to a representative in Congress. With such a population and a regularly adopted constitution, her claims to a place in the Union could not, and would not, be disputed or resisted. This compromise faithfully adhered to, and carried out in good faith, would render all further disturbance or delay in the admission of Kansas impossible, and deprive those who have been instrumental in fomenting discord and bloodshed within her borders, and of causing a repetition of the disgraceful scenes which were witnessed in the last Congress, of the power of doing so in future. An arrangement of this kind does not suit the interests or the feelings of the Black Republicans who have lived, and can only live, upon agitation; the very breath of whose nostrils is drawn from wild commotion and streams of blood such as have envenomed the fair plains of Kansas through their philanthropic exertions.—They, it seems, are resolved, that the quiet which now prevails shall not continue; they are determined that the compromise shall not work its legitimate result; that the settlement shall not be left undisturbed, and that, at the proper time Kansas may come in according to the form adopted for her. The formation of a new constitution is urged, that application may be made to the Congress for admission, whether the provisions of the enactment are complied with or not. This it seems, is at present the programme of Black Republicanism. The move exhibits the hollow-hearted pretensions of these enemies of the South; the effort exposes the base hypocrisy and detestable double-dealing of these miserable fanatics and negro-worshippers, and proves how entirely they are actuated by interest, and interest only. This is the party that raised such a howl over the repeal of the Missouri restriction. This is the party that affected such a holy horror at the violation of a "sacred compact," and made the country echo with their lamentations over the degradation which attached to the country for the violation of a solemn and binding obligation. Forgetting all this, they are now ready to commit a deed doubly to be condemned, doubly to be censured, because the effect may be to light the torch of civil war that may spread from one end of the Union to the other.

But our purpose is not with Black Republicans in this article; it is with the Democratic party. What will be the course of the Democracy upon this question? The Southern wing will resist it to the bitter end. The Northern democrats who voted for the English bill will oppose it. The administration will adhere to stand by that compromise as a final adjustment of the difficulty. This should be, and we say, will be, the policy of the Democracy proper. Will those men who still call themselves democrats but who opposed the Lecompton constitution, join the Black Republicans in this attempt to upset the

English bill, or will they, having opposed its passage, now acquiesce in its provisions, and assist in seeing to its being carried out in letter and spirit? We believe the latter will be their course, and any attempt to violate it will be resisted to the end. They can do without a sacrifice of principle. It is the law of the land, and as good citizens they are bound to support it. Those who do otherwise, are Black Republicans in every sense of the word.

What will Judge Douglas do should such an effort be made? Where will he stand? Will he join the crusade, and over-shoulder to shoulder with the administration in opposition to another Kansas imbrigo? These questions are hard to be answered. His recent attack upon the English bill gives us but little to hope from him. Had he not assailed this bill as he did, we question if ever Black Republican impudence would have dared to molest or disturb the compromise, but anticipating from his remarks, his co-operation and aid, the thing may be attempted, and another Kansas controversy be in store for us. Time will develop.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Nag's Head, Sept. 6, 1858.

The season is very far advanced, yet there is a goodly number of visitors here, and but little disposition to give up the social intercourse, the great enjoyment, the pleasant associations, healthful sea breeze, and invigorating surf bath, for the sickly atmosphere and intolerable dullness that may now be found in town and country from the seashore at this season of the year. There is an evident desire, among the present sojourners at the Hotel to hold on to the last, and those that leave, obey the imperative calls of duty at the sacrifice of inclination. On Friday last, the steamer John Styles brought some ninety visitors for the Hotel, which pretty well filled up the vacancies. The larger portion, however, of the number have taken their departure.

It is very generally known that the Hotel and fixtures are to be sold on Tuesday, the 21st of this month. Who will be the purchaser I am unable to say. I have no hesitation in putting upon paper, that it would give general satisfaction to the public to know that the present proprietor and lessee, Mr. John Boothe, had become permanent owner of the establishment.—Whether it is Mr. Boothe's intention to bid for the property or not, I am not advised; should he do so, and the Hotel become his, the public may rest assured of a very material change being effected in the place before another season. In his hands, we shall look confidently for improvements at Nag's Head that will place it first among the watering places of the State.

Saturday, about 4 o'clock, we were visited by the severest fog which we had since the season opened, accompanied by a perfect deluge of rain. At night, another dark cloud passed over—so heavily charged with electricity that land and sea seemed lit up by one continued flash. The Curlew from Elizabeth City was obliged to anchor until the fury of the gale was over.

Our friend F. S. Proctor, with his graceful and fast-sailing yacht—Swan—made his appearance in our waters on yesterday, and is now quietly moored a few hundred yards from the shore. Proctor understands the way to enjoy one's self in this world, and, monarch of his own deck, without care or anxiety, he takes the world as it comes, moving when it suits him best, living on the fat of the land, and when tired of one place weighs anchor and tries another.

We have had some little racing the last week between the yacht America, the property of P. H. Dozier, Esq., and the Fancy, hailing from the town of Washington. The wind was light, which gave the Fancy the advantage, her draught of water being much less than the America, yet the latter came off victorious.

The schooner John Castner, which came ashore here about two weeks ago, has been entirely broken up, and her timbers now lay scattered on the beach.

## STARVING AT THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

The Raleigh Standard says: One of the correspondents of the Petersburg Democrat gives the following account of the starving process through which visitors are put at the White Sulphur Springs, Virginia. North-Carolina makes enough for all her people, and to spare, and if they will remain at home and resort to their own watering places, we can at least promise them enough to eat:

"The accommodations here certainly are very wretched, except to a favored few. There is no sort of system in the management of the place—none at all—and it seems to be a game of every man for himself. But, then, no one has a right to complain; they know what they will get before they come, and it is not they who do as I shall do to-morrow morning, go away, where they'll get better treatment. And here the question arises, what do all these people come here for? Go to the springs, and you'll soon be convinced that very few come for the water. Nothing at all in the way of comfort is promised, and the only impelling cause is fashion. People come here because it is fashionable to come, and they stay here and grumble just because every body else does the same way. They have no right to complain. I defend the proprietors. They neither ask people to come, treat them courteously while here, nor beg them to stay. If they come to stay, therefore, so far from grumbling, they ought to feel under obligations to the proprietors for permitting them to stay, even in the merest hovel of a room, and live on raw meat, at \$14 a week.

A better room was promised me to-day, but I haven't got it yet, and there is a friend of mine here from North-Carolina, who has been waiting ten days upon a similar promise, which is still unfulfilled. I have to walk half a mile at least to get to the spring, and but for the exercise and seeping the people, I wouldn't take the walk for the water, board and lodging thrown in.

I was very hungry when I got to the dinner table, and sat down to eat anything I could get, but when my plate was brought to me, with a piece of raw meat of some sort from which the blood poured in streams, I couldn't go it, and had to give it up, and I noticed a couple of parties of gentlemen betook themselves from the dining room to the restaurant, just underneath, where they got a very fine dinner, for which, of course, they paid extra—and a good deal of it too."

## OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTURE OF A SLAVER BY THE UNITED STATES BRIG DOLPHIN.

From the Washington Union.

The Secretary of the Navy has received the following dispatch from Lieut. Maffit, confirming the account already given of his capture of a slaver off the coast of Cuba: UNITED STATES BRIG DOLPHIN, At sea, lat. 23° 50', long. 80° 42', August 21, 1858.

Sir: I have the honor to inform the Department that, after a long chase, I overhauled and captured at 6 o'clock this evening, a slaver, surrendering under American colors. She has on board over 300 slaves, and, when I first made her out, was standing for Key Verde, with the expectation of landing her cargo this evening. Her officers and crew consist of eighteen men, several of whom are Americans. One possessed an American protection.

I have put the prize under the command of Lieut. J. M. Bradford, with Lieut. C. Carpenter, ten seamen, and six marines, with orders at once to proceed to Charleston, S. C., and act in the premises, as the case may require.

I am credibly informed that several American vessels are expected on the north of Cuba, about the 1st of October.

Being short of officers and men, and the vessel requiring some overhauling, I shall sail at once for Key West, there to await the instructions of the Department.

I am, very respectfully,  
Your obedient serv't.,  
J. N. MAFFIT, Lieut. Commanding.

The Hon. ISAAC TOUCEY, Secretary of the Navy.

Lieut. Bradford, in writing to the Department of his orders "requiring the prisoners to be put in irons, would, if executed, have made for the voyage to this place impracticable; for the slaves as soon as they found they had new masters, destroyed large quantities of water and provisions for the sake of obtaining a small quantity of each for their own use. I restored their former masters, and they had to resort to the fiercest cruelty before they could break up these practices of the slaves."

Lieut. Bradford further states that twelve of the slaves had died since their capture. In his orders to Lieut. Bradford, Lieut. Maffit directed all the prisoners (the officers and crew of the slaver) to be placed in irons, under double sentinels well armed. He was to proceed to Charleston and consult an attorney-at-law in reference to the best course to pursue. He was also to call upon the Mayor of the city and request him to procure quarters for the slaves, that they might be immediately landed from the vessel.

By the act of May 10, 1820, the owners of vessels fitting out for or engaging in the slave trade, forfeit their property and incur a fine for double the amount. Under the act of May 15, 1820, the trade became piracy, and American citizens serving on board of American or foreign vessels engaged in the trade, incur the penalty of death. In making the prize the officers and crew of the Dolphin have had a stroke of good fortune. The law not only gives them one half of the value of the vessel, but also \$25 a head prize money. They will thus be entitled to between eight and nine thousand dollars, to be divided among the officers and crew. The existing law authorizes the President to send the captured negroes back to Africa at the expense of the United States. We believe this is the first case of a captured slaver with negroes on board being brought into our ports.

## HER CREW AND CARGO—INTERESTING PARTICULARS.

The Charleston Mercury of Monday furnishes us with the following interesting particulars regarding the slaver recently captured by Capt. Maffit:

## THE BRIG.

The real name of the captured brig is General Putnam. The letters are partially erased and covered over by those of the assumed name of Echo, and would doubtless have been retorted, had success crowned the enterprise in which she was engaged when taken. She is of Baltimore build, say 280 tons burden, and it is believed, was formerly a packet in the coffee trade between that port and Rio. On the 16th March last she cleared from New Orleans with a captain, two mates, eight seamen, a cook, steward, and one passenger.

## HER CARGO OF SLAVES.

On the 15th July she shipped a cargo of 455 slaves on the west coast of Africa, at Kabenda, situated in latitude 5° 30' south, longitude 12° 20' east. It is lower Guinea, in the southern part of the district of Loango, and not far from the river Congo or Zaire. These slaves were purchased in a circuit of 500, and assembled at a barracoen near the point of shipment. The brig set sail with them, and in forty-seven days made the trip, reaching the point of destination on the 21st inst. In this space of time one hundred and forty-one negroes had died, leaving but three hundred and fourteen alive. A bay on "Key Verde," one of the keys on the north of Cuba, latitude 23° 30', longitude 80° 20', was the landing place, where the Echo was detected by the Dolphin.

## THE CAPTURE.

The officers of the Dolphin left the harbor of Sagua la Grande the day before, and while cruising westward in search of slavers, perceived the Echo at daylight in the distance, bearing the British flag, and running down the coast ahead of the Dolphin, in the same direction. No suspicion was excited. The brig entered a bay.—The Dolphin ran on her course, and in good time came in view of the bay and the Echo. The captain of the slaver now lost his presence of mind, supposing he was suspected and pursued, and suddenly hauled from the coast. It was then observed that a number of launches near shore had their sails set to come out to the brig.—This verified the suspicion excited by her strange movement, and the Dolphin gave chase to the flying vessel, still bearing the British flag. Black cartridges were fired, and it became evident that the pursuer gained. The slaver spread all her canvas in vain, and finding herself about to fall into the clutches of the cruiser, thought to be British, hauled down that flag and ran up the stars and stripes.

The Dolphin followed suit, displaying her true colors, and brought her to with a few shotguns fired after her. She was boarded by Lieut. Bradford and 18 men, and surrendered at discretion. No papers were found, but a signal of a black cross on a white ground, which had probably just been used to notify the party on shore, by a previous agreement.

## THE SLAVER CREW.

The crew, 19 in number, professed to be all passengers, without captain or officers. But Lieut. Maffit selected the prisoner who appeared to be at the head of the enterprise, and took him aboard the Dolphin, with a sick seaman and comrade to tend him. The rest were brought here by Lieut. Bradford. It seems that the captain and those two men were not on the Charleston on board the Catawba from Key West, as was expected, but are now on their way to Boston in the Dolphin. The names of 18, excepting the captain, are as follows:

Dominica de la Pienne, Juan Brevra, Jose Francisco, R. I. Bates, John Basco, Alexander Rodgers, F. Cleary, John E. Capell, Archibald Scott, G. Plaken, Antonio Almera, Thomas Under, Antonio Siles, J. de Jave Vital de Miranda, A. Mander, W. H. Seno, Jose Gonzalez Seno.

One is a Greek, one an Italian; some of them are Portuguese, some Spaniards, and some English. Some of them talk about New York, but none now admit that they are Americans, or have a where-abouts in this country. These smugglers are a desperate looking set of fellows.

## TO BE TRIED FOR PIRACY.

Under the laws of 1819 and 1820 they will be tried for their lives as pirates sailing on an American bottom under the American flag. They were committed to jail on Saturday afternoon. Their trials will take place at Columbia, S. C., before his Honor Judge Wayne, Circuit Judge, James Conner, United States District Attorney, prosecuting officer. The court begins to sit the fourth Monday in November.

## A VISIT TO THE SLAVES.

Being curious to see the cargo and arrangement of the Echo, we obtained a permit from Dr. W. C. Ravenel, the Port Physician, and with one or two others accompanied Lieut. Bradford in a small boat from the wharf. Upon clambering up the side of the brig a startling sight presented itself, a deck covered with native Africans in a state of squalid poverty, with rare instances of a narrow strip of rag an inch wide round the waist. These people were seated for the most part with their legs stretched out flat or drawn up in front or doubled up; some squatted on their feet and hands. A few were standing about and a few lying down. None were tied or fastened in any way.

## THE APPEARANCE OF THE SLAVES.

The majority were very young, apparently from eight to sixteen years of age, some younger and some older, scarcely one, however, over twenty-five. Some of them were able bodied, good sized and in good case; but the greater part were half grown children only, weak and worn. Many were much emaciated, and showed plainly the effects of their long and crowded passage in a confined ship. A few were evidently ill and soon to die. All were pure black in color except the dropical, whose skins were tawny from disease. Their hair is very short and crisp. Those who were well appeared curious and pleased, some of them ogling and giggling and chattering, and others smoking tobacco out of short clay pipes with cane stems, just as our own negroes do. Those that were thin and sick looked dull and brutish, but there was nothing wild or ferocious in their aspect. They looked amiable and docile, and readily obeyed the commands of the person who had charge of them. They are great thieves, however, and appropriate whatever they can on every occasion.

## HOW THEY LIVE.

There were 246 males and 60 females, who were kept separate on deck and in the holds. The men and boys were kept on the forward deck and in the forward hold, which latter is 55 feet long, 19 feet wide in the broadest part, and narrow at the head, and 44 inches high, the floor being formed of loose boards, moveable at pleasure. The hold for the women and girls is behind this. It is of the same height, 12 feet long and 19 wide. Under this temporary flooring is stored the provisions, consisting of rice, peas, and the water to drink. Their food boiled like 'hoppinjohn' put in buckets twice a day, at 10 and 4 o'clock, and placed in the midst of circles eight or ten each, and well guarded to prevent the strong negroes from taking more than their share, although all are liberally allowed. A pint of water is given to each, morning and evening. Most of them sleep on deck, being placed in close order, spoon-fashion, on their sides, and not permitted to turn or move during the night. At daylight they are dashed with buckets of water to wash them off.

## NEGRO CHARACTER.

They sing songs, clapping their hands, and rocking their bodies in time, and these songs have a great resemblance to some of our negro spirituals. Several of the negro fellows exercise authority very much after the manner of our drivers, with airs of authority and ridiculous gesticulations and grimaces. Others were cooking the 'big pot' like good fellows, and with old breeches on, too, obtained from the sailors. The captain of the hold understands their lingo, and says they are very averse to going back to Africa, as the United States law requires. Our coast resembles that which they came from, and the group of pines, opposite the city on the south, look to them like the cocoa-nut trees of their native Africa.

## THEIR DEPARTURE FOR FORT PINCKNEY.

Yesterday, under the direction of the United States civil officers, the negroes, 306 in number, were taken by the steamer General Clinch and conveyed to Castle Pinckney, in our harbor, where they will be guarded by a detachment from the garrison at Fort Moultrie. As they passed the plank to gain the steamer's deck, they presented a strange and affecting sight, many of them being reduced to mere skeletons by the suffering and deprivations of the voyage. Several were in a dying condition, a few dropical, and a goodly number apparently in good health. They were visited on Saturday by Mayor Macbeth and several Aldermen.

## STATEMENT OF ONE OF THE SLAVES.

From the Mercury of Tuesday.

We subjoin a statement relative to the capture of the brig Gen. Putnam, sent to us by one of the crew, now confined in our jail: CHARLESTON PRISON, Aug. 30, 1858. A small sketch of the capture of the brig Echo, or Gen. Putnam, as published in some of the papers, is very erroneous in regard to the capture and cargo.—I shall give you a true account, as I have been imprisoned as one of the crew. On the morning of Aug. 21, we made land about three or four miles to the south and

eastward of Sagua la Grande, in three and a half fathoms of water, when we kept away to the northward and eastward. In a short time we made out the town, several vessels lying in the harbor, and one came out, under American colors, which we took to be a molasses lugger, supposing her to be bound to some Northern port. When we got by the port, part on board made her out to have English colors set, which she chased us under, which it was reported in some of the papers the brig called the Putnam were.

But I must confess it was a most gallant capture by an American man of war to chase an old ten-knot brig from sunrise to half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, before she could make her escape. If the brig had been in trim it is my opinion that she would have run clear. I understand that the Spanish pilot insisted that he knew the brig, and that she had a cargo of negroes on board. The Dolphin is reported to not care about boarding the brig. Why, then, did she chase all day with a press of canvas and studding sail set?

About four o'clock the Dolphin kept off. Not being able to make out whether she intended to go to Cardenas or give us a gun, we took in all studsails, to try to get to windward and out of the reach of her guns, but, on seeing this she hauled on the wind, and fired a gun for us to heave to. She had fired two guns before. We took but little notice of them, as we thought we were out of gunshot. Her shot fell about forty yards ahead of our lee-boat. She had English colors set, which she hauled down and set American. We had no others on board to save us from being fired into, and were about getting ready to heave to, when she fired a shot across our quarter. We heave to immediately. She lowered a boat with three or four officers, marines and ten men armed, against a crew of unarmed men, twenty-one white persons, all told. When on board they immediately ordered every one in the boat to go on board the Dolphin. They kept two and a sick man there, as we supposed to find out the particulars. When on board the Dolphin they put those supposed to be the crew in double irons, and searched every one, as they said, to find papers; but I believe they found nothing to lead to the vessel's nationality.

The vessels kept company all night. In the morning the Captain of the Dolphin went on board of the prize, and overhauled everything of value in the shape of sweetmeats and eatables, likewise paints and oils, and transferred them on board the Dolphin, with some very good brandies and wines. It is reported that the crew of the slaver, when they thought they were out of danger, were drinking in revelry, which is entirely false. There is a good deal said about the treatment of the negroes. I can assure you that the negroes were well taken care of by the crew, kept clean, the vessel being well supplied with medicine. But no one can judge by appearances since the government had charge of the vessel, as they were not properly attended to in any way.

No more at present.

The Charleston Evening News, of Tuesday, says: The captured Africans, who had been placed temporarily in Castle Pinckney, have been removed to Fort Sumter, where they have comfortable quarters in the brick building attached to that fortification recently erected.

On the proposition made in Charleston to retain the captured slaves in this country, to save them from the horrors of the "middle passage" on their return to Africa, and to promote their civilization, the Journal of Commerce justly remarks:

The question naturally arises—how would the presence of these negroes, in case they were set at liberty, be tolerated in South Carolina? Under the law, free negroes coming into the State are liable to be sold at once. It is very evident that these negroes cannot remain in this country, for the North won't have them, and the South don't want them, except as slaves. The only course to pursue is, to restore them to the country from which they were stolen; and with proper care there need be no more loss of life in the "middle passage" than in the case of other emigrant ships. The Government is the only party that has the management of the affair.

Under the laws of the United States, the President is authorized to send recaptured Africans back to Africa at the expense of the Government, and this will probably be done with the slaves of the Echo. The Times, however, fears that the people of South Carolina will enslave them, and set them to work on the plantations. It thinks they should have been carried to Boston in the first place, and delivered up to the tender mercies of the Abolitionists there. The following communication, which appears in the Charleston Mercury, shows that the apprehensions of the Times as to the designs of the people of South Carolina, are not without some foundation, though the writer's intentions seem to be wholly philanthropic. He says:

"We shudder at the thought of their reshipment to the coast of Africa, with all the attendant horrors of the Middle Passage, to say nothing of the enormous expense necessary to carry out so horrible a scheme. Can we, as Christian people, inflict upon those whose sufferings on the passage here have, no doubt, been great, the very wrong which we have so long striven to abolish? We hope not. Let us take care of them, clothe them, feed them, civilize and Christianize them, and show that the 'spirit of the age' is to be charitable to our fellow man."

The latest news from the slaves is the following dispatch:

THE AFRICANS AT CHARLESTON. CHARLESTON, Sept. 1.—The Mercury of to-day contains the opinion of the Attorney General of South Carolina that the Africans recently brought here and retained by the United States Marshal are not subject to South Carolina laws.

The Hon. Jesse G. Shepherd, on the 20th August, qualified as one of the Judges of our Superior Courts of Law and Equity, before Colin McRae, Esq., one of the oldest Justices of the Peace for the (Cumberland) County. It was not Mr. Shepherd's intention to take the Oath before reaching Raleigh, where it would have been administered by the Governor, but a case occurring which required the services of a Judge, he did not feel at liberty to postpone taking the Oaths of Office.

Fayetteville Carolinian.

## MICHIGAN POLITICS.

DETROIT, Sept. 1.—Hon. Wm. A. Howard, in the first, and Hon. Henry L. Waldron, in the second congressional district, were re-nominated to-day.

## NEXT PRESIDENT.

It is full soon, it is the probabilities of the next President. Yet we observe that the various portions of the country prominently favor the claims of their favorite candidates. We have no opinion on the distinguished position of Presidents Polk and Fremont, but we are seriously thoughtful of the truth of this assertion. They both a ministerial position, and were triumphantly elected to the satisfaction of the people. They both occupy high places in the American Republic.

We are not so much concerned with the section from which our shall hail, or the name he shall be, as we are to know of what principles he represents, as the nation. These satisfactory will not require the gift foretell the course of events few years.

From the indications, the will be fierce and bitter, and see it come off will witness the history of this Republic of 1860 will be fought on national issues—an event every genuine lover of liberty this be the case, the Union man probability, be restored. We have a great deal of Democracy of the Northmen, have heretofore acted with the conservative men of the Democratic party in the last, entitling themselves to the whole country. But Nationalism was not killed out. It still lives, a stench in the honesty, an embodiment of calumnies and monstrous. The same depraved and led on the shrieking fanaticism in 1850, have been plotting with references to come off in 1860.

Should the next election upon sectional issues, will suit? As stated above, confidence in the Democracy North, but could that party any other, stand up against the pressure which would be brought to bear against its only question is, and if not? Why, a Black Republican Presidential Chair—a restoration, as inevitable as fate follows? Dissolution, revolution and their concomitants.

The picture which I once saw is not a pleasant one, but the Southern people hold boldly upon it. It is before must be met, and it is the to meet it



FALL HARDWARE TRADE 1857.

**DIRECT IMPORTATION**  
**ALLEN, ROSE & CAPP.**  
HEAD OF THE SQUARE,  
**SIGN OF THE SNAWS,**  
NORFOLK, VA.  
**ARE** receiving their Foreign and Domestic Hardware suited to the wholesale trade which they offer at reduced prices, and accommodating terms as any other establishment in the City. Such as—  
Ducking Guns, Sporting Guns, Jags, Dogs and Single Guns.  
Long, Trace, Back Band, and Breach, Chisels, Pick Axes, Crow Bars, Collies and A. R. &c.  
C. S. Grub Hoes, Augers and other small Shovel and Spades.  
Rollers & Wrecking's Horse, Reel, Vine Hellos, &c.  
With a large collection of HOUSEHOLD MERCHANDISE.  
Merchants and consumers are respectfully requested to call and enquire.  
At the Bar-Bowen store,  
Head of the Square  
Sign of the Snaws,  
Norfolk, Va.  
sep 20

**\$2000!—\$3000!!**  
FOR the purpose of showing you THREE customers of Virginia and North Carolina a large and hand-some assortment of—  
**WATER COOLERS, REFRIGERATORS, ICE PITCHERS, WATER PITCHERS, SHOWEL BATHS**  
And everything in the line of Keeping Cool the summer season, we put this notice in the paper, so that every name in part of the Refrigerator from \$2 to \$25.  
Water Coolers from 2 to \$14  
Patent Ice Pitchers from 4 to \$16  
Ice Cream Freezers, 3 kinds, from 50 cents to \$8  
Showel Baths from 7 to 7 cents  
For the most of these goods we have the exclusive agency in this market, which will be sold at manufacturer's price, adding freight and cartage.  
Call at No. 4, and 9, Koonoke square.  
WM. D. ROBERTS, JR. & Co.,  
LATE ARRIVALS AT THE BEEHIVE  
OPENED this morning, Monday, June 21st, the long expected new season.  
2 cases of fast colored lawns at 12 1/2 cts., worth 25 cts.  
Lawn Robes and Organdies in great variety at a reduction of 25 per cent, on former prices.  
One lot of muslins at 12 1/2 cts.  
One carton of real English Thread,  
Laces all widths @ the usual prices.  
1000 Collins at 62 cts.  
1000 at 12 1/2 cts.  
1000 splendid Swiss Bands at 25 cts., worth \$3.  
Double width White Barge for Dusters—also single width White Cape Berage, white, black and fancy colored Dusters, large and Miss size, at great reduction.  
Silks, Hareges, Ribbes, &c., selling very cheap to close them out.  
Mantilles—we have reduced the prices of our Mantilles to about half the usual prices in order to clear them off before the season is advancing.  
Look for the sign of the Bee Hive, 746 1/2 Street, Norfolk, Va., sep 20

**REFRIGERATORS.—ICE PITCHERS**  
IN the onward march of improvement in this progressive age, these articles have become indispensable in the culinary art. In order to obtain the very best article, you will by calling on the Koonoke Square depot, find one of the best refrigerators, including the LARABEE and YERRES' latest improved, patent Upward and Horizontal Refrigerators combined.  
Also the celebrated Niagara Jet Shower Bath or Effluvia, Ice Cream Freezers, patent wash pails, and Water Cooler, and various construction: Stimpson's celebrated double wall Ice Pitchers, Plain and Fancy; Plated Wine-Coolers, Patent Fruit Cans, Glass and Tin, of all sizes, which are selling at lowest prices.  
W. B. T. FOWENS, JR. & CO.,  
Norfolk, Va., sep 27, 1856.

**TO FISHERMEN.**  
**A T THE DEPT. G. OODEN STORE ON**  
**T. F. OWENS,**  
No. 1 MARKET SQUARE, NORFOLK.  
You may find GILL NET TWINE of a superior quality, at the following prices:  
2 Cord Gill Net Twine, No. 29, at 50 cts.  
3 Cord do do "do " 26, at 50 "  
3 Cord do do "do " 26, at 55 "  
3 Cord do do "do " 30, at 55 "  
3 Cord do do "do " 30, at 62 "  
2 Cord do do "do " 35, at 70 "  
All orders can fully attended to.  
sep 26 T. F. OWENS.

**COOKING STOVES, RANGES, &c.**  
We are now receiving the following excellent Cooking Stoves, which will be sold at reduced prices, namely, the New World, English and French, Coal, Gas, Wood, Sheet Lead, Lion, Persimion, Crystal, Rego, Cook, Boston, Sequoyia, Morning Star, Double Oven, Lehigh, President and others too numerous to mention. Charcoal Furnaces and Preserving Kettles, The Plates, Sheet Iron, Copper, Brass, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, Force, Lift, and Cistern Pumping, &c.

Ignained Ware of every description, at the  
**Steamer Square Depot**  
 Jy 27 W. D. ROBERTS, JR., & CO.

**NOTICE**  
 MASTERS of vessels, and others, are notified  
 that the Steamer "Roanoke" will be in  
 now liable for **DEATH** of those who may occur  
 vessels under tow. Vessels are towed at the  
 town risk, and not at the risk of the Steamer.  
 Those desiring their vessels to be towed will  
 please observe this.  
 ja 19 W. A. HARNLEY,  
 Master Steamer "Roanoke."

**FRESH ARRIVAL**  
 JUST received at the Roanoke Square De-  
 pot, a fresh supply of **Roanoke's** im-  
 proved New World Cooking Stoves of all sizes.  
 Persons wishing to obtain the best Stove in the  
 country will please leave their order as at once.  
 W. D. ROBERTS, JR., & CO.,  
 Roanoke Square and Wickham's Alley.  
 fe 16 Norfolk, Va.

**NEW GOODS.** Calico Prints,  
 New Goods, Calico Prints.  
**FIVE HUNDRED PIECES.**  
 500 pieces new style Calicoes, which are  
 crushing off at 8 and 10 cents per yard, regular  
 prices 12½ cents. Now is the time to get a bar-  
 gain, and the BEE HIVE is the place to get it.  
 No. 61 Main street, under Johnson's Hall.  
 Jy 27 JAMES SMITH.

**TO THE PUBLIC.**  
 MR. B. T. MILLER has purchased the right  
 to manufacture Wilkinson's Colic and  
 Diarrhoea mixture for North Carolina, and will  
 thereafter manufacture the same in E. City. It  
 will be genuine and can be depended on for  
 the alleviation of the stomach and bowels.  
 W. W. GREGORY, M. D.,  
 E. City.

**NOTICE.—I HAVE NOW ON HAND** A  
 lot of LIME, which I will sell low for cash.  
 All persons wanting lime will call on me or Mr.  
 James S. Cartwright. Also, a lot of HAY,  
 which I will sell low for cash. Those who may  
 want HAY will call on me at Daniel Richardson's  
 store.  
 ju 9 B. T. MILLER, Ag't.

**MORNING STAR COOK STOVES.**  
 WE have on hand all sizes of this Stove.  
 Our customers who have been waiting  
 for a long time will be glad to hear of a  
 cheap for cash or good paper, at the Depot.  
 fe 16 W. D. ROBERTS, JR. & CO

**NOTICE**  
 ALL persons indebted to the estate of Miles  
 Commander, dec'd., are requested to call  
 and settle, or their notes and accounts will be  
 put in a train of collection, at September Term  
 of the County Court, by  
 J. S. B. SHAW, Adm'r.  
 August 10, 1853. I—U

**FOR SALE**  
 THE FISHERY on Croatan, known as the  
 "HAUL OVERTON" former of the property  
 of A. Anderson. Apply to G. F. Anderson  
 Norfolk, Va., or to John Pool, E. City, N. C.  
 at 15th, 1857.

**CHAPE BARRELS.—Black Copper Barrels**  
 at 25 cents per yard, at the Bee Hive.  
 Barrels and Chally side Robes, magnificent  
 goods, selling at a great sacrifice at the Bee  
 Hive, Norfolk, Va.  
 ju 9

**CHEAP TABLE NAPKINS.** Linen Table



MEM

**MEDICAL.**

[illegible]

DR. AVER: Your Pills are the perfect  
They have done my wife more

she had been sick and pining away for  
days, and recovered at great expense, but  
was again attacked, and this time was  
by expelling large quantities of water  
from her system. They afterwards cured her  
of blood-poison, and she was able to  
my wife cured him with two doses of  
which she poured in pain. From this  
bills, and lost her strength, and  
even then. Such a medicine as yours  
good and honest, will be prized here.

**Indigestion and Impurity of the  
Blood.**—

From *Rev. J. V. Himes, Pastor of Abolition  
Church, New York.*

DR. AYER: I have used your Pills  
many times, my family and among them  
in distress. They are singularly  
fly the blood they are the very best and  
most pure, and I can confidently recom-  
mend them to your friends.

**WARAW, WYOMING CO., N. Y.**

DEAR SIR: I am sending you my Cathartic  
and first-class Family Medicine, which  
system and purify the fountain of life.

JOHN G. MERRILL

**Erysipelas, Scrofula, King's Evil,  
and all the Blood-poisons.**

From a *Forwarding Merchant of*

DR. AYER: Your Pills are the panacea  
found in medicine. They have cured  
of blood-poison, and I can confidently

incurable for years. Her mother had been  
ly afflicted with blotches and pimples on

for hair. After our child was cured of the  
Pills, and they have cured her. ASA BAKER.

**Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and**  
*From the Rev. Dr. Hawley, of the Medical*

BUCKET I HOPE, SATURDAY, GLAD  
HONORABLE. I would be ungrateful if  
skill has brought me if I did not report  
A cold settled in my limbs and brought  
neuralgic pains, which ended in rheumatism.  
Notwithstanding I had the best of physicians  
grow worse and worse, until, by the advice  
agent agent of Baltimore, Dr. Macken's,  
Their effects were slow, but sure, and per-  
use of them, I am now entirely well.

SENATE CHAMBER, BAYTON BROS., LA. THE  
DR. AYER: I have been entirely cured by the  
Rheumatic Gout—a painful disease that last-  
for years. VINCENT JAY.

**For Dropsy, Plethora, or kindred**  
plate, requiring an active purgative, is  
lent remedy.

**For Costiveness or Constipation,**  
A DINNER PILL, they are worth trying.

**Fits, Suppression, Paralysis, In-**  
**fection, and even Deafness, and Rash**

Most of the Pills in market contain Mercury a valuable remedy in skillful hands. In a public pill, from the dreadful consequences frequently follow its incautious use. These are Mercury or mineral substance whatever.

**WYATT'S CHERRY PILL**

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

**COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA,**

and for the relief of consumptive patients

Anges need not speak to the pulpit's  
Thro'out every year, and almost every  
American States, its wonderful cure of pa-  
cificants have made it already known. Any  
one in the community who has been  
without some personal experience of its efficacy  
in the community any where which have  
some living trophy of its victory over those  
dreadful diseases of the human race, and  
most powerful antidote yet known to man  
against the most dangerous diseases of the  
race, is also the pleasantest and most interest-  
ing of all the subjects of the human body  
to have it in store against the incursion and  
the ravages they are unprepared. We have shown  
the *Cherry Patelet* save our lives in  
the community, it is the only medicine  
and cure your colds while they are not  
stronger than you can human skill can  
make that, fastened on the throat, and  
the throat, and the throat, and the throat,

they know too the virtues of this remedy, more than to assure them it is still made

Dr. J. N. BUTT, and WHOEVER  
this City, and by Druggists and  
generally throughout the civilized world.

**HOWARD ASSOCIATES**  
PHILADELPHIA.  
Epilepsit Institution, established  
movement for the relief of the sick  
afflicted with Variolous and Epidemic  
TO ALL PERSONS AFFLICTED

Sexual Diseases, such as SPERMATOCYTES  
FEMINAL WEAKNESS IMPROVED

THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION, in  
the awful destruction of human life, ex-  
cessive sexual diseases, and the destruction  
upon the unfortunate victims of such  
attacks, several years ago directed  
Resident Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE  
y of their name, to open a Dispensary  
treatment of this class of diseases, and  
rooms, and to give MEDICAL ADVICE  
all who apply by letter, with a view  
their condition (age, occupation, be-

ISH MEDICINES FREE OF CHARGE

Just Published by the Association  
Spermatorrhœa or Seminal

ce of Onanism, Masturbation  
and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs

Address, for Report or  
GEORGE R. CALHOUN, Consulting  
Howard Association, No. 2 South  
Philadelphia, Pa.  
By order of the  
EZRA D. HARTWELL

GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secretary.

Dec. 22, 1857—1y.

DR. THOS. W. UPS  
**H**AVING RETURNED TO  
of Pasquotank, for the purpose  
permanently in the practice of  
renders his services to his old  
public generally; assuring them  
grateful for former kindness  
his entire time, attention and ability

trusted to his care; and, in the  
 presence of their good will and

s to do his best towards giving  
 universal satisfaction.  
 He will be permanently settled at  
 Beth Shepherd's, where he can be  
 y or night, when not professionally  
 THO. W. CPSON  
 January 12, 1853—tf.  
 MEDICAL NOTICE  
 BETH SHEPHERD'S

R. W. R. SPRUE  
respectfully inform his friends

olic, that he has now placed himself in Pasquotank county, within a short distance of his old home, and that he can at all times be found, day or night, at the place so called away by professional enemies. He takes this method of returning to his very liberal patronage, and he has no objection to his residence in the county, and he has no objection to those who may in future require his services, and that their calls shall be promptly answered, and that the utmost care and attention shall be given to the maintenance of patronage solicited.